One In The Pocket, One In The Pouch
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One In The Pocket, One In The Pouch

by AllAborde (Bordementions)

Summary

Trainer helps Pokke relieve some stress from being a loser or smth idk

Notes

The pokkkeeeeeee

I wanna fuck him. Hard. Yeah.

Anyways sorry not sorry I'm having pokke be with a MAN because I've made him GAY yepppp

I've gone to the dark side, lesbianism is now illegal. I'm turning all uma into MEN to further my GAY agenda.

#wokathon #wokesexual #DARKWOKE

Fight scene and rimming scene short as fuck cause I'm tired don't judge

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

See the end of the work for more notes

It wasn't entirely unusual for you to be walking around the Tracen Academy grounds, given that well, you worked there. However, it usually was nowhere near past 9:00 PM or toward the student dorms.

Right now you should have been halfway through a microwaveable breakfast sandwich and an infomercial that you weren't going to pay attention to anyways, but instead, your phone had been blaring with texts from the academy housing staff.

Apparently, the loss to Agnes Tachyon during the afternoon qualifiers had done a whole lot more than just bruise Pokke's ego.

This fact was only proven further as you rounded the corner of the third floor, because you didn't even need to remember the room number. The quick series of concussive slamming of something heavy hitting a wall, followed by a roar that sounded more like a wounded lion than a student, guided you straight to his door like a lighthouse.

"DAMNIT!" Pokke's voice boomed, muffled only slightly by the heavy wood. "HOW?! HOW DOES SHE DO IT?! I don't get it! Ggh!"

You sighed, rubbing the bridge of your nose, and slid the key they gave you at the desk into the lock. You didn't knock; in this state, Pokke would probably just barricade the door with a dresser.

The door swung open to chaos. Several overturned chairs were scattered around the room, stacks of racing magazines and what looked like homework lay scattered like fallen leaves, and Jungle Pocket himself was pacing the limited floor space like a rabid animal.

Especially at his height, he took up quite a bit of space in your vision, his shadow stretching up the wall and across the ceiling from a fallen lamp. His ears were pinned flat against his messy hair, and his tail was lashing behind him with enough force to whistle through the air.

"I said get out!" Pokke snarled without looking up, his chest heaving under his sweat-stained training shirt. "Whatever you're selling, I ain't buying! Tell the staff to shove their 'noise complaint' up their—"

"It's me, Pokke," you said, your voice flat but firm as you closed the door behind you.

He froze, his head snapping toward you. His eyes were wide, shimmering with a volatile mix of tears and pure, unadulterated rage. "GET OUT! What the hell are you doing here?! Go home! Nobody

asked for a lecture!"

"Your roommate asked for a rescue mission," you replied, stepping over a discarded sneaker. "And frankly, I'm the one who wants to go home. So, why don't we skip the part where you break the rest of the furniture and talk about why you're acting like a brat?"

"A brat?!" Pokke took a heavy, thundering step toward you, looming over you until you had to crane your neck back just to see his chin. "You saw it! You were there on the sidelines! She wasn't even breathing hard! I gave it everything—I felt my lungs burning, I felt the ground screaming under my feet—and she just... she just drifted past me like I was standing still!"

He slammed a fist into the palm of his other hand, the sound echoing like a gunshot.

"I'm the strongest," he hissed, though his voice wavered. "I'm supposed to be the strongest, to be the one who blows everyone away! That's what we talked about right?! So what happened?! Huh?!"

"Pokke, look at me," you said, trying to keep your voice gentle despite your own irritation. "Losing one qualifier to Tachyon doesn't rewrite your entire career. You're overreacting."

"How am I overreacting?!" He let out a harsh, jagged laugh, spinning away from you to kick at the leg of the overturned chair. "That's easy for you to say! You don't have to feel the dirt in your teeth while she's disappearing into the distance! You don't have to carry that weight on your back while someone else makes a mockery of it!"

He turned back to you, his expression twisting. "Look just… just get out, Trainer! Seriously. I'm not in the mood for your 'it's about the improvement bullshit.'"

You stood your ground, crossing your arms. "I'm not leaving until you sit down and breathe. You're a racer, Pokke, shit like this is gonna happen. We already knew Tachyon was a freak of nature going in, if you want to beat her though, you do it on the track, not by terrorizing your roommate and breaking academy property."

"You think you can tell me what to do just 'cause you signed some papers?" He stepped back into your personal space, his tail twitching dangerously close to your legs. "I could toss you out that window with one hand, Partner. Don't push me tonight."

"Oh, poor little Pocket," you sneered, your voice dripping with a sarcasm that cut through his roaring bravado like a razor. "The big, bad 'Strongest' legend gets his feelings hurt because a girl in a lab coat ran faster than him? Is that it? You're a broken record. Tachyon this, Tachyon that. Do you even hear yourself? You're obsessed. It's pathetic."

Pokke's ears pinned back so hard they practically disappeared into his hair. His tail slammed against the floor, a whip-crack of pure fury. "Shut. Up. You don't know what you're talking about! I'm the one out there! I'm the one putting my life on the line while you just watch with a clipboard! Just—SHUT UP!"

"Why? Does the truth sting too much?" You stepped even closer, right into the heat-shadow of his massive frame, mocking him with a jagged, cold smile. "Maybe she is just better. Maybe you're just the opening act. A loud, flashy warm-up for the real legend. Is that why you're throwing a tantrum? Because deep down, you know you're just a footnote in her story?"

"I SAID SHUT UP!"

With a blur of motion that no human could track, Pocket's hand shot out. His calloused fingers bunched the fabric of your blazer at the collar, hoisting you upward until your toes were barely grazing the carpet. Putting that strength of his on display; he held you like you weighed nothing, his face inches from yours, his teeth bared in a snarl that was more beast than anything else.

"You don't talk to me like that," he breathed, his pupils blown wide. "You're mine. You're my partner. You don't get to side with her because—"

SMACK.

The sound was deafening in the small room. You didn't hesitate; the moment his hand touched your throat, your instinct took over. You put every ounce of your shoulder and core into a flat-palmed strike that caught him square across his cheek. His head snapped to the side, the force of the blow loud enough to probably startle the girls three doors down.

Pocket froze. His grip on your collar slackened just enough for your heels to hit the floor. For a heartbeat, there was nothing but the sound of his heavy breathing and the rapidly darkening red mark on his face. His eyes slowly drifted back to yours, no longer just angry, but vibrating with a primitive, chaotic shock.

"Don't you ever put your hands on me to intimidate me, Jungle Pocket," you snarled, your eyes narrowed into slits. "I am your trainer, not your punching bag."

“If you want to act like a thug, go back to street racing. If you’re gonna be my trainee though? You show some damn respect."

For a heartbeat, Pokke was stunned. He stayed frozen, his hand slowly rising to touch the reddening patch on his cheek. His breath came in ragged, hitching gasps.

Then, his eyes snapped back to yours—not with shame, but with a terrifying, ecstatic spark of anger.

"Oh... so that's how it's gonna be?" he whispered, a twisted, jagged grin spreading across his face. "Fine. You want a fight, Partner? YOU GOT ONE!"

You could tell immediately by the way he leaped at you, there would be no finesse to this, no grace—this was a back-alley scrap. Pokke tackled you, his sheer mass sending you both crashing into his bed. The mattress groaned as you bucked under him, driving a sharp elbow into the side of his ribs. He grunted, the sound a guttural, but he didn't back off. Instead, he used his forearm to pin your shoulders down.

"Get! Off!" you barked, twisting your body with everything you had. You managed to hook a leg behind his knee and shove, sending him tumbling off the bed and onto the floor with a house-shaking thud.

You didn't wait for him to get up. You scrambled over him, literally climbing up his back as he tried to push himself up. You wrapped an arm around his neck, pulling back with all your weight.

"Is this what you wanted?!" you yelled over his shoulder as he bucked like a wild stallion, his tail lashing frantically and catching you across the ribs—a sting that felt like a lead pipe. "You want to prove you're

strong? By acting like a dickhead?!"

"Get—get off me, you damn parasite!" Pokke snarled, reaching back to grab your jacket, trying to peel you away. He stood up, carrying your entire weight on his back as if you were nothing, and slammed his back against the wall to knock the wind out of you.

The impact made your teeth rattle, but you didn't let go. You drove a knee into his lower back, and he let out a sharp yelp of fury, spinning around and grabbing your waist with those massive hands to hurl you toward the center of the room. You hit the carpet hard, rolling and scrambling back to your feet, panting, hair disheveled, and eyes locked onto his.

Pokke stood across from you, his shirt torn at the collar, his face flushed a deep, angry red. He looked mad as hell. Good. Because at least for right now it was the first time all night, the "obsessive" look in his eyes was gone, replaced by the raw, focused adrenaline of the here and now.

"Not bad," he panted, spitting a bit of blood onto the floor from where he'd bitten his lip. "But I'm just getting started, Partner!"

The room was a disaster zone at this point. The sound of your ragged breathing and the wet smack of skin on skin filled the air as you and Pokke tumbled across the floor, a chaotic tangle of limbs.

There was no technique here, just the raw, uncoordinated violence of two people who had reached their absolute limit. Pokke swung a heavy fist that clipped your shoulder, sending a jolt of dull pain down your arm, but you countered by digging your knuckles into his ribs and shoving your weight into his center of gravity.

He was a mountain, but he was a mountain made of hot, radiating meat and sweat. The smell of his exertion—salty, musky, and thick—was heavy in the small space. Every time you collided, the heat between you spiked.

"Give it up!" you snarled, your voice hoarse from yelling. You lunged forward, catching him off balance as he stepped over a pile of clothes.

With a grunt of pure effort, you tackled his waist, using his own momentum to drive him backward. He hit the floor with a thud that probably shook some stuff on the floor below. Before he could buck you off, you scrambled upward, pinning one of his massive wrists to the carpet and planting your knees firmly on his heaving chest.

You shoved your other hand against his face, your palm pressing hard against his cheek and jaw, forcing his head into the floor.

"How's that for 'Strongest,' Pokke?" you panted, sweat dripping from your forehead onto his flushed skin. Your nose was bleeding, and you could feel it running hot down the front of your face, but the adrenaline made you feel untouchable. "You're pinned. By a human. By your trainer. You look real badass right now, don't you?"

Pokke let out a muffled, strangled growl against your hand, his tail thrashing wildly. "Get... off! Bastard! I'll... I'll break you!"

"You'll do nothing but lie there and listen," you snapped, leaning more of your weight into his torso. "You're a mess. You're obsessed with a girl who isn't even in this room, and you're so damn pathetic you'd rather fight me than admit you just need to work harder. Look at you. You're pathetic."

Pokke's eyes were wide, darting around as he gasped for air, his chest rising and falling in violent heaves beneath you. He looked humiliated, his bravado stripped away, but as you looked down at him—really looked at him—you noticed something that made the insults die in your throat.

In the cramped, sweaty proximity of the brawl, your thighs were braced right against his hips. And there, beneath the thin, damp fabric of his track shorts, was an unmistakable, hardening bulge.

A slow, devious smirk spread across your face. You shifted your weight just a fraction, feeling the heat of him against your leg.

"Oh, you've got to be kidding me," you laughed, the sound intended to be as mocking as you could make it. "Are you serious, Pokke? We're in the middle of a fight, you're losing to your own trainer, and this is what happens? You're actually getting off on this?"

Pokke's face went from a bruised red to a deep, shamed purple. He tried to twist away, trying to push off anything his feet could reach. "Shut up! It's—it's just the adrenaline! My body's just... shut the hell up!"

"Is it the adrenaline? Or is it thinking about Tachyon beating you into the dirt?" You leaned down, your voice dropping to a cruel, teasing whisper right in his ear. "Or maybe it's the fact that I've got you pinned like a dog. You like being handled, don't you, Pokke?"

"I said shut up!" he barked, though the roar lacked its usual bite. He was trembling now, not just from exhaustion, but from a mounting, agonizing tension he couldn't control. He looked up at you, his eyes were trying to look as mean as possible, but you could tell even with all that fight, there was something shameful underneath.

He swallowed hard, his Adam's apple bobbing. The silence stretched, heavy and suffocating.

"Partner..." he rasped, his voice cracking as he looked away, unable to meet your eyes. "I... I can't... damn it. Just... help me. Please. It hurts."

You stared down at him for a long moment, enjoying the sight of the Jungle Pocket reduced to begging on his bedroom floor. You let out a short, sharp huff of a laugh, shaking your head.

"Look at you," you mused, your hand finally moving from his face to trail down his sweat-slicked neck. "Begging your trainer for a hand because you can't keep your head on straight. Fine. I'll help you, Pokke. But don't think for a second this means you're off the hook."

You didn't get off him—not entirely. You shifted your weight, sliding back just enough to straddle his thighs, your knees digging into the floor on either side of his hips. You leaned forward, bracing your palms directly over the tented fabric of his shorts.

The heat radiating from his groin was intense, a localized furnace that pulsed against your palms.

"You're awfully quiet now, Pokke," you purred, your fingers hooking into the elastic waistband of his boxers. You pulled them down just an inch—enough to let the cool air hit the sweat-slicked skin of his lower belly, but not nearly enough to give him what he wanted.

"Where'd all that talk go? You were just telling me how you were going to break me."

Pokke's head laid against the floor, his teeth gritted so hard you could hear them grinding. "Don't... don't play games, bastard! Just… Haah… you know…"

"I don't know anything until you tell me," you countered, your voice dropping lower. You tightened your grip on the waistband, making a show of starting to stand up. "In fact, I think I've had enough of this. You're clearly too strong to need my help. I'm going home. Enjoy

taking care of that by yourself."

"No! Wait!" The roar was gone, replaced by a panicked bark. Pokke's hand shot out, catching your wrist—not to fight, but to try and hold you there. He looked up at you, his face full of humiliation, his eyes swimming with a heat that had nothing to do with Tachyon and everything to do with the person sitting on his lap. "Don't... don't go. Please."

"Then say it," you commanded, leaning down until your nose was inches from his. "None of this 'help me' crap. Tell me exactly what you want your trainer to do to you right now. And say it like you mean it, or I'm out the door."

He choked on a breath, his chest heaving. His pride was crumbling in real-time, melting under the pressure of his own mounting arousal and your proximity.

"I... I want..." he started, his voice a pathetic squeak before he cleared his throat and tried again, his gaze dropping to your chest. "I want you to fuck me, okay?! There! I said it! I'm losing my mind over here... please, just... fuck me!"

An uneasy, but satisfied thrill raced through you. "There we go. Was that so hard, Pocket?"

You didn't give him a chance to answer. You reached down and gripped the hem of his shorts and boxers together, hauling them down in one smooth motion. As the fabric cleared his hips, his dick sprang free, and even though you knew he was gonna be large, it was still daunting, looking almost out of place against the backdrop of a messy dorm room.

But as your eyes tracked up the length of him, you noticed the glistening bead of pre-cum already crowning the tip, smeared against his groin.

"Wow," you chuckled, a mean, airy sound that made his ears twitch in shame. "Look at this. The big, tough Jungle Pocket is already leaking like a faucet just from a little wrestling match. You're pathetic, Pokke. You're so worked up you can't even hold it together for five minutes."

"Shut up..." he groaned, his hands flying up to cover his eyes as he arched his back, his hips involuntarily bucking upward toward your hands. "Just... shut up and do it. Please, Partner... I'm gonna burst if you don't..."

You didn't give him any reprieve, your hand wrapping around the base of him. Even as a human, the sheer girth of him was a shock, his pulse thrumming against your palm, throbbing heavily.

You started to pump him, an intentionally slow and drawn out pace that dragged the sensitive skin back and forth.

"Look at those ears, Pokke," you mocked, leaning down to blow a sharp, cool burst of air directly onto the glistening tip of his length. He bucked under you, a gasp ripping from his throat. "They're twitching so fast I think you might actually take off. Are you really this sensitive? One hand from your trainer and you're shaking like a leaf?"

"I'm... I'm not... ah!" Pokke tried to snap back, his head slamming back into the carpet, but the bravado was dead and buried. His eyes were rolled back, focused on the ceiling as his tail thrashed, knocking something nearly off balance nearby.

"You're a... a real piece of work, Partner. Just... don't stop. Hmnngfhah —! Damn it, don't you dare stop!"

"Or what? You'll put me in another headlock?" You teased the sensitive underside of the head with just the tip of your thumb, circling the bead of moisture that was growing larger by the second. "You're pathetic. You lose to Tachyon on the track, and then you lose to me in your own bedroom. You're just a loser who likes being handled, aren't you?"

"Shut up! Ngh... whatever! Just... keep going!" He was melting, his massive frame turning to putty beneath your hands.

You decided it was time to really break what was left of his pride. You slid all the way off his lap, but only to move lower, forcing his muscular legs apart. The sight was delicious—those huge thighs, the twitching of his tail, and the raw vulnerability.

You leaned in, your breath hot against the junction of his thighs, before pressing your tongue against him. You started rimming him, the contact of your wet tongue against his puckered heat sending an absolute shockwave through his system.

"TR-TRAINER!" Pokke shrieked, his voice hitting a register you'd never heard before. His back arched so violently his knees nearly hit you in the face, his fingers digging into the carpet as deep as they could go. "What are you—ah! Sto—no, stop! Be... be gentle, you bastard!"

"Gentle?" you mumbled against him, your voice muffled. You didn't listen. You doubled down, your tongue swirling and probing, treating him like the prize he so desperately wanted to be. "You don't get gentle. You get exactly what you asked for."

The contrast was staggering. This was the guy who shouted down other gangs and swore at the top of his lungs on the turf, now reduced to a whimpering, fidgeting mess. He was pathetic, his large hands reaching out blindly to grab at your shoulders, his moans turning into high-pitched, desperate begging.
"Please... Partner... I'm gonna... MMGH!"

You didn't let up. While your mouth worked him from behind, you reached around and gripped his shaft again, your hand moving in a frantic, friction-heavy blur. The combination was a total sensory execution.

"Say it, Pokke," you demanded, pulling away for a split second to look up at his wrecked, flushed face. "Who's the strongest? Who owns you right now?"

"You! You do! Ngh-aaaah!"

He couldn't hold it anymore. His entire body went rigid, his muscles flexing deep under his skin. With a pathetic, near pitiful whine, Jungle Pocket finally broke. A massive, hot load sprayed across his own stomach and hit his chest, the sheer volume of it a testament to how worked up he'd been. He shuddered for a full thirty seconds, his legs twitching and falling limp against the floor as he finally crashed back down into reality.

He lay there, panting, covered in his own mess and the shame of his surrender, looking up at you with wide, glassy eyes.

"You... you really are a monster, Trainer," he rasped, a weak, dazed look displayed all over his face.

Despite how you may have felt leading up to right now, you didn't just leave him there as a twitching heap on the floor. You stood up with a weary groan of your own, your joints popping. You grabbed a stray towel from the bathroom rack and a bottle of water from the fridge, tossing the bottle onto his chest. It bounced off his pecs with a dull thud.

"Drink up, 'Strongest,'" you muttered, kneeling back down to swipe the towel across his sweat-stained, sticky stomach.

Pokke didn't even have the energy to move his arms at first. He just laid there, ears draped sideways, his chest still heaving in heavy, slow aftershocks. The sight of him covered in his own mess and looking completely dazed was a trophy all its own.

"You know, Pokke," you started, your voice dropping into that low, playful tone that usually made his temper spike. "For a guy who talks so much about being a 'badass' and 'crushing' people... you sure do make some interesting noises when you're pinned. I don't think I've ever heard a girl at this academy moan quite as high-pitched as you just did. It was pretty cute."

That did it. The sluggish, post-climax fog cleared from his eyes instantly. Pokke's ears snapped upright, and his face flared a brand new, agonizing shade of scarlet. He scrambled to sit up, his massive frame nearly knocking you over as he grabbed the towel from your hand to cover himself.

"SHUT UP!" he barked, his voice cracking with pure, unadulterated embarrassment. "I didn't—I wasn't—! That was just... the air leaving my lungs! It's a physical reaction, dumbass!"

"Sure it was," you laughed, standing up and dusting off your knees. You looked around the wrecked room—the overturned chairs, the scattered papers, and the giant, flustered horse-girl staring at the floor like it was his worst enemy. "Just make sure you're at the track at 5:00 AM tomorrow. And maybe try to find a little more of that 'spirit' for the actual race next time, okay, princess?"

"I'M GONNA KILL YOU!" Pokke roared, though he didn't move an inch to follow through, his tail swaying behind him, betraying how much he'd actually enjoyed the humiliation. "Get out! Go home! And don't you ever mention those noises again or I'll bury you under the turf! I mean it! GET OUT!"

You just smirked, waving a hand over your shoulder as you walked toward the door, leaving Pokke to stew in his own wrecked pride and the lingering heat of the best fight he'd ever lost.

End Notes

Busssssss I actually hate pokke so bad I want him dead what a pathetic cringe stupid dumbass weirdo I hate him I hate him I hate him I need to hit him and abuse him with beer bottles

Probably more of him soon but they are gonna be angsty or ill natured/morally dubious

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